

Lincoln County Leader.

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Saturday, November 25, 1892

LOCAL ROUNDUPS.

Get your blank deeds and location notices of Ed R. Bonnell.

The White Oaks House is fast recovering its former popularity under the careful management of Mrs. J. B. Collier.

Stamped envelopes will be sold to the public, after January 1st next, at a reduction of 10 per cent. on present prices.

The little town of Socorro has fourteen persons engaged in the legal profession. We have often noted the hungry, hunted look the good people of Socorro always wear.

Now that Lon is married, Charlie Kelly has put on mourning, and goes around with a lonesome wonder where I will catch on next look in his face that is pitiful to see. As a disconsolate widow he is a success.

Mr. John Woodland of this place formerly belonged to a celebrated Philadelphia base ball club with governor elect Pattison, of Pennsylvania.

An exchange says nine lawyers were running for office in Socorro at the recent election. We suppose Socorro lawyers are like tailors, it takes nine of them to make a man.

Mr. I. N. Boicourt and W. C. Bradley while here let a contract on the Belle Lamonte to Tom C. Williams. The development on this claim now consists of a 30 foot shaft and a drift of 50 feet at the end of which the contact was reached. Tom now has instructions to follow this contact vein down 50 feet further, and the probabilities are he will be taking out some very rich ore before he gets through.

It is said the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad is now doing a better business than at any other time in its history. The rolling stock is all employed, although the company is constantly adding to its equipment. The Guymas branch, which was fully opened up to traffic on the 1st of November, will very materially add to its business. This road has now 1,600 miles in operation and has been mainly instrumental in opening up one of the richest mineral and grazing fields on the globe.

One of the most enjoyable socials ever held in this or any other town was that assembled at the residence of John Y. Hewitt last Thursday evening. Readings and recitations were interspersed with good natured jokes, music and genial conversation. To a looker-on it clearly demonstrated that our people who have made homes for themselves in this Territory have brought their sociability along with them. The genuine hospitality of the host and hostess did much to make the occasion a happy one. We congratulate our friend Hewitt in securing so fine a home here in the west in which to begin life anew.

We have seen some very flattering notices of the Monarch Mining and Milling Company which is now operating to the north-west of Lone Mountain, near the Coyotes. This property consists of seven claims, and are said to be lead carbonates of low-grade ore, but in immense quantities. We have not yet seen these claims and of course cannot speak from personal knowledge—as we always aim to do before recommending any property in our camp—but we are acquainted with W. S. Hathaway, the superintendent, who is an old miner long since identified with this region, and his statements are entitled to a great deal of consideration. We hope soon to give this property our personal attention, and we can then give a more intelligent and extended report.

Why Ladies Become Interested in Politics.

While rushing down the street this morning in quest of local matter to quell the hungry cry of the type setter—Copy—our eye was attracted by a letter, lost on the pavement which reads as follows:

ASS ARSON, MICH. }
Nov., 9th 1882. }

My Dear Susie

Heavens for the old Democratic party! Whoever dreamt of such a sweeping avalanche of victory. Am not able to give my fellow fits, to you this time, as he was a defeated candidate, and I feel, oh, so awfully sorry for the poor man. To cherish or harbor animosity under such trying circumstances, would be a cruel wrong, and I just won't do it! Anyway I don't think he would feel it just now. Wait till his mind is calm, and then we will give him a rub. Everything has gone democratic in this country, and my fellow got left, sure enough. I am scared to death for fear I won't get any more buggy rides or anything.

I don't think it looks just exactly right anyway in these days of Democracy, for "way up girls" to be sporting Republican beaux, so I'll just cast about for a new fellow, besides I think he's going to be married pretty soon, so I may just as well come in a little ahead. Helen, says: tell you she hasn't got a fellow, and for you to tell the young gentleman who is coming here from Kentucky, that she is sweet sixteen, heart whole, fancy free, and is patiently awaiting his arrival.

Well, it's storming, and the election is over, I've got a bad cold, the fire is about out, and I must feed the bird.

Write soon to your old chum,
HATTIE.

The next meeting of the Social Circle will be held at the residence of Mrs. Taliaferro, Thursday evening December 7th, it being considered best not to have a meeting Thanksgiving eve. The programme for the evening will be as follows:

Music
Reading.....M. M. Brennan
Music
Reading.....Mrs. C. E. Patterson
Music
Recitation.....A. J. Bond
Recess.....Social.
Music
Reading.....Miss Mary Mackel
Music
Recitation.....Judge S. D. LeCompte
Finale.....Music
Members and guests are requested to meet promptly at 7 o'clock.

Joe Karcher has been getting another pair of new boots by mail—at least the back came in three hours late Friday morning.

It now reads Bonnell & Albright, real estate agents and mining contractors and they mean to make the business lively within the next year.

Lon Edwards remembered the Leamon office Friday morning with a box of very fine cigars and the boys have laid their old cob-pipes down to rest, and now put on as much style on the street as an eastern mining expert. Next week Ben will resume friendly relations with his ambrosial cob, while Paul will be chafing because somebody else does not get married or "say something."

Elmer Albright and Pete Reid have gone over to the San Andreas to complete another large contract for I. N. Boicourt. This property is looking up so finely that the present owners feel very much encouraged and contemplate working the mines with a view of putting in machinery during the coming year.

Miss Allie Blake, Miss Lida Taliaferro and Miss Jennie Hobson, three hovering spirits of that nuptial party, came into the LEADER office with a flag of truce yesterday morning and lived up things for a few brief moments. It is at such times that printers are permitted to look over the walls into the gardens of Damascus.

COLD PIZEN.

A Suicide that Wouldn't Climb the Golden Stairs.

A woman with a hatchet face and blood in her eye, walked into the drug-store the other evening where the Judge was standing behind the counter and coldly uttered—

"Pizen!"
"What for?"
"Rats."
"Got 'em bad?"
"Powerful!"

About thirty grains was weighed out and wrapped in a leaf of a last year's almanac. Throwing down the necessary change she strode out and a few minutes afterward was seen standing brazen up against the end of Justice Lea's office eating something. This coming to the ears of the Squire, he hurried up to the woman and enquired:

"What are you doing?"
"Eatin' arsenic."
"What for?"
"Want to shuffle."
"I'll take that stuff."
"Durned yer do!"
"Give me that drug, I say."
"I won't!"

The Squire made a grab for it when powder, paper and all went into her mouth in half a twinkle.

A struggle here ensued in which the Squire inserted his fingers inside the woman's mouth without fishing anything out. He then explored further with the fore-arm movement. The package was not there. It was benevolence balked and beaten. It was "love's labor lost." Arsenic, almanac and all had slipped down into the unfathomable.

The Squire gazed at the woman and looked beat.

The woman looked at the Squire as if she meant to eat him too. He went for a doctor.

She went home.

It was a woman's will against man's tenacity.

The doctor grabbed up an emetic and a stomach pump and rushed for the scene of action.

The woman was within her fastness. She held the fort by a large majority.

The doctor seeing the pumping was liable to be done with a revolver, gave his emetic to the winds, took his food-lifter under his arm and himself to the bosom of his family.

The woman's will was supreme. Neither the strong arm of the law, the arsenic, the patent medicine almanac or the doctor with a hundred stomach-lighters, backed up by an ex-deputy sheriff, a militia lieutenant and twenty valiant citizens of the Republic, could conquer it.

A bottle of whiskey clandestinely smuggled in, a short time afterwards, however, did the business.

The woman is still watching for them and told a reporter "she would done like to see that mob try to sot foot inside her door, powerful well."

There is some talk of Dick Young taking Will Moore in as a partner to assist him in the canning business, provided the dog crop comes in all right. Can a dog by the tale of his brother's woes take warning?

D. C. Taylor was in from the Benito this week, and now the whole town knows that the richest mineral in New Mexico lies up near the head of the North Fork, close under the shadow of Nogal Peak. Taylor will bet all his goats and a burro or two on it this time.

Married:

At the residence of Col. F. A. Blake, November 23, 1892, by Frank Lea, Esq., Mr. Lon Edwards and Miss Edith Prescott, all of Vera Cruz, New Mexico.

At last another lonesome prospector has caught on. For weary months Lon has been traveling mountain and gulch, tracing float and searching for blind leads with but indifferent success. In every instance where a lead showed pay rock some one else had been there ahead of him and staked the claim. At last, just as he had about concluded to abandon the camp, he struck a "true blossom lead," with pay mineral from the croppings down—right at his own door. In taking out papers patent on this last and best find he has shown a determination to shut off all adverse claimants, and devote his whole attention to its development. We are satisfied he will find the vein an extremely rich one, and will net him a handsome fortune. Who says that energetic prospecting in New Mexico does not pay? To the happy pair the LEADER extends hearty congratulations, hoping that while working together on the great placer of life they may pan out many fine nuggets.

Charlie Herron left last Thursday for his home in Iowa. He has made many friends in New Mexico and although so unfortunate as to lose a foot while here, we predict for him a bright future, as Charlie has proven himself a boy of temperate habits and sterling worth and will win success wherever he may go.

Stone, the White Oaks utility man, takes Judge Tomlinson and Ad Lams, down to Lincoln tomorrow to attend a meeting of the Lincoln County Publishing Company. The Judge will hold a term of Probate Court while there, as will be seen by a notice elsewhere in this paper. Two ladies also, accompany them.

Three of a Kind

The Socorro Miner was jubilant over the discovery that C. N. Blackwell, one of the candidates in Socorro county, received a unanimous vote at the late election, and states he was the only man in the territory, thus highly honored.

Then came the Albuquerque Journal and played him the rub in the person of E. Madon, who was elected commissioner of Valencia county without a dissenting vote.

And now we call a show-down from Lincoln county, where politics was all mixed up, for Judge E. T. Stone who was also elected County commissioner by a unanimous vote.

DRILL DUST.

Silver is now quoted at \$1.12 1/2 per ounce, copper 15 1/2 cts., per pound, lead \$4.50 to \$4.60 per hundred.

A new strike has been made in the San Mateo range.

Ore from the Ocean View and Quicksilver King mines in the Organ district assays \$1,261.40 per ton.

The Mexican law imposing duties on export gold and silver coin, bullion and ore was abolished November 1st.

The Ivanhoe mine is in trouble. Alex. Brichbacher, one of the employees, has sued the company for \$2,200 wages due him and attached the mine. Other suits are also pending and Bob Ingersoll says it will be he—healthy around there for them soon.

It is now reported that the richest silver mine on the continent has been discovered on Pigeon river just over the Minnesota line in the British Possessions. It is said that pieces an inch square of almost pure silver have been taken from the surface vein.

The Cerrillos smelter turns out on an average 100 bars of bullion every day; aggregate value, \$1,500. Drumluman's gold and silver mine, near Helena, M. T., was

sold to a London syndicate for \$1,500,000.

The cost of treating free gold ores in twenty stamp mills on the Pacific coast during the year 1877 was \$20 per ton. In 1878 it was reduced to \$4 per ton. In some districts the cost now ranges from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per ton only.

The Shakespeare smelter has again started up, this time with excellent results. A carload of silver bullion was shipped this week and another one is now ready for shipment.

In the new working shaft of the Bullion, about twenty feet from the old one, and eight feet above the bottom of the latter, is another body of ore from three to four feet thick, running over 1,000 ounces. This with the ore body in the old shaft makes the mine an exceedingly valuable one—and a productive one as well. It will be remembered that over \$60,000 worth of ore has been taken out of the old shaft already in sinking to a depth of sixty feet.—*Lake Valley Herald.*

Deming is exulting over the fact that a smelter will be shortly constructed at that point. It is announced that J. E. Carroll, the owner of the present smelter at Shakespeare, will, within the next few weeks, commence the construction of a \$40,000 smelter and also a refinery about one mile east of the railroad depot at Deming.—*Lone Star.*

They are having lively times at the Jurillas, and the boys are all happy. Several good strikes have been made, and all are confident of finding large quantities of mineral after going the proper depth. The bottom of a 36 foot shaft gives returns of from \$136 to \$250 silver to the ton, and the ore is getting richer right along. This camp is near the proposed line of the El Paso and White Oaks railroad, and a little east of the Organs.

In an article on the great excitement and rush at Kingston, the "Leadville of New Mexico," the Rocky Mountain Mining Review closes with a very good suggestion, as follows: "We sincerely hope the miners of New Mexico will profit by the experience of Colorado in some respects at least. Don't try to swindle the good people of the east by worthless mining enterprises, because in the first place you cannot do it. They will profit by their experience in Colorado investments, and in the second place the attempt would result only in injury to yourselves and your properties. Take advantage of your opportunities, be honest for policy's sake if not from principle, and your property will be, perhaps not greater than Colorado's. But without the breaks or the blots."

Subscribe for the Lincoln County Leader.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice of Homestead Proof

LAND OFFICE AT LA MEBILLA, N. M., }
November 16th, 1892. }

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge (or in the Judge's absence, before the Clerk) of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, N. M., at the clerk's office in Lincoln, county and Territory aforesaid, on December 27th, 1892, at 10 o'clock, a. m., viz: John Clark, on Homestead No. 208, for the sec 14 & 15 sec 16 Section 10, and sec 14 & 15 sec 16 Section 15, Township 8S, Range 10 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Edgar A. Wals, Stephen W. Lloyd, Daniel McKinney and Charles A. Wals, all of Lincoln county, New Mexico.

GEO. D. BOWMAN,
Register.

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